

T H E
Triumph of Ceres.

Tune—*What beauteous scenes enchant my sight.*

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn;
The nymphs and swains a jovial band,
Still shouting as they come,
With rustic instruments in hand,
Proclaim the Harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
Within the barn are stor'd;
The careful hind, with secret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.
His labours past, he counts his gains;
And, freed from anxious care,
His casks are broach'd; the sun-burnt swains
His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent;
All ply the spicy bowl;
And jests, and harmless merriment
Expand the artless soul.
Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
Who still reap'd by his side;
And plights his troth, shou'd she prove kind,
To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years
Their toilsome task they tend:
The hind successive labours bears,
In prospect of the end;
In Spring, or Winter, sows his seed,
Manures or tills the soil;
In Summer various cares succeed;
But Harvest crowns his toil.